

THE ROANOKE TIMES.

EVERY MORNING, EXCEPT MONDAY.

ROANOKE TIMES PUBLISHING CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.
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THE TIMES will not be responsible for any bills contracted by employees unless orders are given for the same by the general manager.

All subscribers who fail to receive their papers regularly every morning will confer a favor by notifying immediately the business office of THE TIMES, as no allowance can be made for papers missed, unless notice is given.

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THE TIMES can be found regularly on sale at the following places:

Roanoke—George Gravatt, Jr.; M. L. Smith's, Dallis & Dennis, Hotel Roanoke, Continental and Ponce de Leon. Salem—Alfred S. Burdette & Co.'s, Pulasie—Maple Shade Inn. Bluefield—Bluefield Inn. Pocahontas—Pocahontas Inn. Norfolk and Western and Shenandoah Valley trains. Bristol, Tenn.—W. A. Ward, Front Street. Washington—Willards, The Metropolitan.

THE TIMES has the largest circulation of any paper printed in Southwest Virginia. Press room, mailing list and subscription books open to the inspection of advertisers.

A PHILOSOPHIC MAYOR.

Now Haven is undergoing an experience. At its recent municipal election the Democratic ticket was successful. It was headed by Mr. J. B. Sargent as the mayoralty candidate. Mr. Sargent is a Democrat, a free trader, and one of the most extensive manufacturers of hardware in the United States. He also has views on municipal reform.

It would be unfair to have his views confined to the limits of New Haven, for many of them are not only sensible, but practical. The first part of his message recommends the ownership by the municipality of the gas, water and electric light works and the street car lines, to be joined by the establishment of new public parks and other desirable things.

But the strongest part of his message lies in a philosophic discussion of the incidence of taxation in its relation to capital. Says Mayor Sargent:

"Capital is absolutely necessary to civilized employment of labor.

"None of the operations of business, manufactures, building or farming can be carried on successfully without the friendly union of the three elements. Labor without capital is the labor of the cruel barbarian working without tools.

"A country with no capital, but with labor and directors of labor (or chiefs), is in a savage state. A country with all three of the elements harmoniously united is civilized, enlightened and prosperous. Civilization cannot exist without capital.

"No civilized community would for a moment think of taxing labor nor managing ability. No intelligent community would attempt to tax either of those two elements of all successful industry and business for fear of driving them away. Why should civilized society punish successful industry by taxing the results of it? Why should civilized society punish capital, the savings from successful labor, and try to banish it and leave labor unemployed?"

"I believe that if persons or property in a city were free from taxation on more people of wealth would permanently reside in that city, and there extend their income and invest or lend, their capital for use there, to the great benefit of labor.

"That much capital now invested in other states or foreign countries would come to the place of security and of freedom from taxation, to the great benefit of enterprise, labor and permanent wealth.

"That all mechanical, manufacturing and commercial industries would increase, to the great benefit of labor, the necessary co-partner of capital in all such enterprises.

"Any disadvantage or harm attempted to be put upon capital always reacts upon labor, while capital silently flies

away to a place of security if not of profit."

It will be difficult to deny the soundness of Mayor Sargent's conclusions. It might be well to take them home for discussion as applied to Roanoke and Virginia municipalities in general.

Our system of taxation is wrong. There are too many taxes piled on business, hampering and restricting it. Why should real estate brokers be compelled to pay a special tax? They have brought millions of money to Virginia. Why should physicians or lawyers be taxed because they happen to practice their professions? The whole plan of taxation is wrong.

Manufacturing plants are exempt from taxation for a period of years. Capital is to that extent relieved of its unnecessary burden. The result has been to add millions of dollars to the taxable value of ground in the vicinity of the plants thus exempt.

Why not exempt other forms of invested capital which has assumed a productive form, houses for instance, or personal property? The argument holds strong in each case, and the more it is studied the clearer it becomes.

The death of young Sullivan at Lynchburg Sunday conveys a warning. Electricity is a dangerous fluid. It should be handled solely by experts. Too many electric light and telephone companies intrust the management of their plants to men who have only the most smattering of knowledge regarding electricity, (and who therefore think they know it all). Employees of such establishments should be compelled to pass the most rigid examinations as to their competency. A large and increasing percentage of fires are directly traceable to electric wires.

IVANHOE.

IVANHOE, Va., Jan. 12.—[Special]—Mr. Horace Hardaway, returned to Roanoke last week to see his brother, who is quite sick.

Mr. James Fisher, of Salem, spent several days visiting his sister, Mrs. Marie Fisher, this week. He has been engaged at carpentering for some time past.

Andrew Welsh, a well-known and prominent citizen of Elk Creek, Grayson county, died Tuesday.

After looking into matters in regard to the death of Mr. Goines, whom it was said died from overdinking on Christmas day, and buried at Old Town, it has been decided to raise the remains and hold a post-mortem examination. The cause of this is a rumor that the liquor which he drank is said to have been mixed with poison of a more deadly nature than the pure "corn."

Will a Painter be making arrangements to build another new house; part of the lumber is already on the ground. New river was covered with ice to such an extent on Wednesday that the workmen at the Sisk mine were unable to cross.

Sizer and Stephens are setting a good example to many of our citizens. They have taken warning of the muddy weather, and put down a sidewalk in front of their new store.

The real estate men are talking of attending the real estate convention at Roanoke on the 21st instant.

A warrant was issued yesterday for the arrest of Sam Sayers, the party who hit Blackey with a rock.

A Beautiful Calendar. At all the handsome calendars issued this year the handsomest was presented to THE TIMES office yesterday by C. E. R. Woodward.

It is issued by the Anheuser-Busch Company, and is the picture of a lovely blonde girl, (said to be the daughter of Mr. Busch himself) in a gold frame under heavy glass. The calendar is oriented beneath the portrait. The whole affair is done in the usual good taste and lavish style of this celebrated house.

Consistency no Longer a Jewel. From yesterday's Evening World.

Iron-clad rules, when in their observance public interests are injuriously affected, should be set aside.

From a yesterday's Evening World.

The police board has never issued a summons to require the presence of Mr. Foster to prove his assertions. When this is done the board will find that "Public Safety" will materialize.

A DETROITER ABROAD.

What He Knows About His Native City in G. to from Outdoors.

A prominent Detroitier—one who ranks among the millionaires—was down East this summer, and among the people he met was a gentleman who said:

"Ah! sir, but Detroit is a beautiful city indeed. How far is the boulevard opened east of Woodward avenue now?"

"I couldn't say."

"Don't you drive there?"

"No, sir; never on the boulevard in my life."

"I suppose they are still improving Belle Isle?"

"I—I suppose so."

"How often do you go up?"

"I haven't been up there in fifteen years."

"Is it possible? Good fishing at the Flats this summer?"

"I—I suppose so."

"Don't you go up?"

"Never stopped there in my life."

"But you go to Put-in-Bay?"

"Never."

"To Mt. Clemens or Port Huron?"

"No."

"Ever go down to the Fort?"

"Never."

"Ever ride out in the country?"

"Never."

"But you go to the art loan and the cyclorama?"

"No."

"Well, please tell me where you do go?"

"From the house to the office and back. All I know about Detroit I get from outsiders. I guess it is a fine town. I've heard a good many say so."

—Detroit Free Press.

A NOVELTY INDEED.

Women Eating Their Lunch Sitting on Hard Stools.

One of Gotham's Most Unique Enterprises—Pretty Girls and Handsome Matrons Imitating the Sterner Sex—The Female Appetite.

The women's lunch counter is a dazzling success, says the New York Sun, and is patronized as extensively as any of the men's places down-town. The women took to it from the day it started, and now no young woman, with a day's shopping, or a list of callers on hand, would think of wasting time at a restaurant table.

Last Saturday noon a reporter followed a crowd of women into a well-known restaurant in upper Broadway. All turned to one side of the room, where there was an oval lunch-counter of cherry, smoothly polished and much lower than the lunch-counters patronized by men exclusively. The stools



THE ONLY MAN TAKING LUNCH.

were of cherry with cane-bottomed seats. Sixty persons could sit very comfortably at the counter, but the managers of the institution had crowded the seats together so as to accommodate more. The service was much better than men are accustomed to. At the time of the reporter's entrance the seats were nearly all taken. Behind the counter were four mild-mannered waiters in white jackets and aprons.

All sorts of feminine gossip could be heard. The reporter spent some minutes in observing the manner in which the women sat down on the stools. The young and pretty women usually managed to sit down without very much fuss. But the bashful girl had considerable difficulty. She would first pull out the stool from the counter and get in front of it. In so doing she would usually knock against the elbow of the woman at her side. Then she would



THE CORNER SEAT.

reach back and draw herself upon the stool. Sometimes it took two or three attempts to accomplish this successfully.

There was further trouble in getting down from the stools, but the skillful had a way of bracing the soles of the feet firmly against the brass rod that ran along the counter near its base, and with a sudden firm push, sending the chair back from the counter about eighteen inches. Then they had only to slide off the chair to land upon their feet.

The difference in the women was shown by the orders. Sometimes the delicate looking woman would call for



THE VACANT SEAT.

a broiled bird on toast, but usually her order consisted of rolls, pie and tea. The more delicate woman the more certain was her order to contain pie. Most of the young women were substantial eaters, and their luncheons were more elaborate than those usually ordered by men. Large quantities of pastry and ice-cream were consumed.

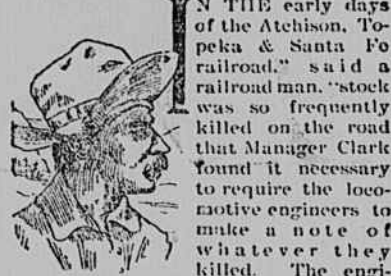
The reporter estimated that the average woman who came to the counter occupied between fifteen and twenty minutes in taking her lunch. Some, however, preferred to be leisurely, and were at the counter as much as three-quarters of an hour. The reporter himself managed to dawdle away an hour, and during that time he estimated that over two hundred women came and went. Comparing the cost with that of the average men's counter down-town, the reporter found that it was about twenty per cent. higher. Considering the superior service and the attentiveness of the waiters, the women were gainers.

Mermaids and Mermen.

The dugong, a species of whale found abundantly in the waters of both the great oceans, but especially off the coast of Australia in the Pacific, is believed to have furnished the slender basis upon which all mermaids and mermen stories have been founded. Its average length is from 8 to 20 feet. It has a head much resembling that of the human species, and breathes by means of lungs. It feeds upon submarine beds of sea-weeds, and when wounded makes a noise like a mad bell. Long hair in the female species, and hair and beard in the male, adds to the human resemblance of the head and neck. The flesh of this species of whale is used for food, and is said to have the flavor of bacon, mutton or beef according to the parts of the body from which the meat is taken.

DIDN'T REPORT IT.

He Thought the Cow Signaled Him to Go Ahead.



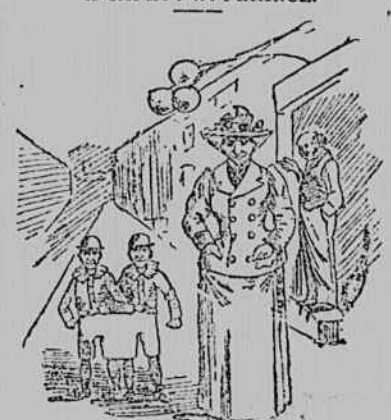
IN THE early days of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, a said a railroad man, "stock was so frequently killed on the road that Manager Clark found it necessary to require the locomotive engineers to make a note of whatever they killed. The engineers had to fill out a form stating when, where and what kind of animal had been killed, and turn the report in to the superintendent of stock claims. One day a complaint from a farmer was received by Manager Clark, in which the killing of a valuable cow by the Santa Fe engine was related. The letter was referred to the stock claim department, but no report from the engineer of the train in question could be found. Mr. Clark sent for the engineer, an old employee of the road named John Norton, and asked him why he had not reported the collision with the cow.

"Didn't know I hurt the cow," said Norton.

"You remember hitting the cow?"

"Certainly—and I slowed up when she rolled over on her back, but she waved her feet to me to go ahead, and I concluded she was all right."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A SAFETY APPLIANCE.



Eichstein—Naomi's sheward. Dem twins was always gettin' separated out los', before she made dem pants.—Life.

Natural Mistake.

It was Uncle Zeb's first visit to the theater.

"They're dressed about as I expected to see 'em, John," he whispered to his nephew, "but I've seen better actin' at a school exhibition. Look at 'em. They're all cacklin' at wunst, an' you can't understand more'n about half what they're sayin'."

"The play hasn't begun yet, uncle," replied John. "You are looking at a theater party in one of the boxes."—Chicago Tribune.

On Prospect Heights.

Smith—I wish you would call at my house this evening, Goggins. I have a great scheme—a new one—a clean fortune in it—want to interest you.

Goggins—Another scheme! You are positively worse than Colonel Sellers. By the way, where do you live now?

Smith—On Prospect Heights, number—

Goggins (interrupting)—Seems to me you have been living on prospect heights ever since I have known you.—Munsey's Weekly.

Music by the Cord.

Lumber Dealer—You're a pianist, ain't you?

Herr Clavier—I am.

Lumber Dealer—I would like to have you come up to my place and give us some tunes to-morrow evening. We're going to have a musical shindy.

Herr Clavier—Yes, I will give you the finest chords of harmony.

Lumber Dealer—And how much a cord, eh?—America.

He'd Come Again.

Lady (after giving the tramp a scanty lunch)—Remember, you said you would shovel the snow off the sidewalk.

Tramp—I suppose there is no immediate hurry, is there?

Lady—No; you may take all the time you please to do it.

Tramp (turning away)—All right, lady; I'll be round again about the Fourth of July and attend to it.—Boston Herald.

Faith Put to the Test.

Rich Wife (to spendthrift husband who has just got over an attack of the tremens and is about to go out for a walk)—I am quite sure you will never drink again, darling. Wifey can trust you now.

Spendthrift Husband—Then just let me have a couple of dollars to take with me, my dear.—Drake's Magazine.

Up in the World.

Cleverton (visiting Dashaway's new room)—Look here (puff), how many more flights have we (puff) to climb? This is (puff, puff) getting to be serious. At this rate heaven (puff, puff) can't be far off.

Dashaway—Heaven! We passed that ten minutes ago.—Life.

A Shattered Ideal of the Sanctum.

"I suppose that intellectual looking person there with the mahogany desk and the silver inkstand is the editor?"

"No. He is the head of the advertising department. That small-headed beggar with the blue pencil over there in the corner is the editor."—Jury.

The Reward of Genius.

Crosby—What is the largest price you ever got for a single poem?

Mr. Rondo—Well, I consider that some verses I wrote to Miss De Rocks before we were married netted me about seventy thousand dollars.—Munsey's Weekly.

Clio is Still Distant.

Returned Tourist—Is Mr. Lovall still president of the peace-on-earth society?

Resident—He is president of one branch of it. They've had a split.—Judge.

MOSE IN A TRAP.

His Feelings Were Injured, But He Made the Best of a Bad Job.

I had just eaten dinner with a Mississippi planter and we sat on the veranda smoking when a colored man came up, pulled off his hat and said: "Majah, I see you heard somebody shoutin' ober by de lower co'n crib."

"Sound like game?"

"He do, sah. Reckon it dun hurts his feelin's."

"Very well, William; I'll go down there pretty soon."

I didn't ask what it was and the Major didn't explain for some time. By and by, after we had thrown our cigars away, he said:

"The niggers have been stealing my co'n, and last night I set a bear-trap. Williams thinks we've got some game, and we might walk down that way."

"The crib was half a mile from the house. As we got near it we heard a shout, and a little later caught sight of a colored man sitting on the ground at the door. His right leg was fast in the bear-trap."

"Good evening," saluted the Major, as we came up.

"Good evenin', Majah Bush."

"Fine weather for cotton."

"Mighty fine, Majah. Has yo' dun got frou plowin' out?"

"Not quite. How's crops on the other side of the bayou?"

"Only totable, Majah—only totable. Bin moas' too wet wid us over dar!"

"Any talk about election?"

"Jess a little bit, Majah, but not nuff to hurt anybody."

"You came over to see me about work, I suppose?"

"Yas, sah, I did. Some of de hands was sayin' yo' could put on a man or two."

"So I can. What's that on your leg, Moses?"

"On my leg? On which leg, Majah?"

"On the right."

"Oh, yes, I dun forget all about it. I stepped in it down in de woods, an' was bringin' it up to de house."

"That was very kind. We will take it off."

"Jess obbeeged, Majah. When shall I cum?"

"About Monday next, Moses."

"Werry well. Reckon I'll go home an' make all ready. Good evenin', all."

We replied to his salutation, and he hobbled off into the woods, trying hard to whistle and seem at ease.

"Will he come?" I asked of the Major.

"Not next Monday. He was in that trap twelve hours, and he won't do a stroke of work for three long months."

—N. Y. Sun.

AFTER THE TAR-AND-FEATHERING.



Mr. Manders—Dey cotched me borrowin' d' pos-mastah's mawl, Chole.

Mrs. Manders—W-wh-why didn't you run, Eden?

Mr. Manders—I wuz too scart.

Mrs. Manders—W-why didn't you fly?—Judge.

His Profits on Small Capital.

Tramp to handsomely dressed lady on the avenue—Please, mum, my family is starvin', an' I'll have ter sell my wheelbarrow ter buy bread. It's just around the corner, mum. Would yer like ter buy it?

Lady—Mercy, me! What would I do with a wheelbarrow? I live in a flat, my good man. But I will help you gladly. Here's a dollar.

Tramp (to himself)—That's six dollars I've made ter day tryin' ter sell a wheelbarrow to kind people what lives in flats, an' I ain't got no wheelbarrow, nuther.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Lucky Fellow.

Bilkins—So Goodheart, who was once engaged to you, has married Miss Sweetie, eh? Well, he's a lucky fellow.

Mrs. Bilkins—Do you know Miss Sweetie?

Bilkins—No, but I know you.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Remarkable Result.

Editor of the Bazaar—Does it pay to advertise in my paper? Well, I should say it does. Look at Smith, the grocer, for instance. He advertised for a boy last week, and the very next day Mrs. Smith had twins—both of them boys!—Life.

Undeniable.

"Another suspicious circumstance is that you are traveling under an assumed name," said the judge.

"Well, your honor, ain't we all sovereigns in this country? And ain't it fashionable for sovereigns to travel in disguise?"—Harper's Bazar.

Almost the Same Thing.

Tartar—I heard you had joined the Suicide Club.

Hardleigh—No-o, not exactly; that is I was recently made a member of a foot-ball team.—Spirit.

Not Always.

Bilkins—Troubles are always double in this life.

Bilkins—Not always. All children are not twins, please the Lord!—West Shore.

English as She Is Spoken.

Jack—And did Miss Beauty seem to warm to me?

Tom—Oh, yes, indeed! She froze to me at once.—West Shore.

JANUARY,

The great bargain month at

Heironimus & Brugh's